

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Absence Did Help.

By CATHERINE PARSONS.
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WHEN Katrina had listened to a persistent quail call, "Bob White" for nearly two hours, she hung her book on the ground and sprang to her feet impatiently.

"I'm a fool," she told herself crossly, "a stupid, silly girl! I came here to get away from Carter—because I thought I hated him—and I've never passed such a miserable week in my life!"

"Hello," piped a shrill, childish voice near her. Katrina looked around and saw a small ragged little girl, regarding her intently.

"I live over the hill in the gray house," she began by way of introduction. "I seen you sittin' here yesterday and you looked so sad that I thought maybe you got some trouble, too."

"And what could a child like you know about trouble?"

"More'n most folks, I guess. There's lots of children over to our house, and she says wherever there's children, there's trouble. But she says too that wherever there ain't any, there's more trouble."

Katrina smiled. "How old are you?" she asked with more interest.

"Lain't sure. Ma says I'm nine and Pa says ten. There's so many of us we get mixed. We got eleven in all, countin' my cousin that spends a week with us once a year, an' Joe when he marries Mollie—if he do get married, now. That's another trouble."

"Is your sister engaged?"

"Well, she's been keeping company with Joe, but they've broke up now. Ma says it's all foolishness and she's awful upset cause she thought she'd get Mollie off her hands for keeps. And Mollie cries and says she hates him and she won't ever get married to no one! I gotter go, now, it's supertime, I guess. I'll be round tomorrow, if I get time. My name's Elfrida, after my aunt that died. Good-bye."

She was off like the wind and Katrina watched the shabby little figure disappear, with the first sign of interest she had shown for over a week. "I wonder what they fought about," she said to herself, and immediately decided to forget all about them.

It was not so easy, however, for the next afternoon Elfrida came again. She was fairly bursting with excitement.

"What do you think has happened?" And without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Mollie's made it up with Joe, and they're goin' to be married. Ain't it grand?"

"Indeed it is, dear. How did it happen?"

"Yesterday when Mollie was over to her place to work, the lady was all broke up because a young fellow she knew had gone away from home to stay always because some girl gave him the slip. An' she told Mollie if folks would have more sense an' learn vord words—such things would not happen. When Mollie come home an' said I could take a note to Joe, an' I did an' he grined and said I was a good girl. He gave me a penny, too!"

For a moment there was silence, then the child seized Katrina and pointed at two figures crossing a nearby field. The man had his arm about the girl and their faces were radiant.

"That's them!" whispered Elfrida. "Ain't they made it up great?"

"Will you mail a letter for me, on your way home?" asked Katrina. "I won't take me a second to write."

Elfrida agreed willingly, and Katrina hastily scrawled a few words on

ALL BOUND ROUND WITH A WOOLEN STRING



BY BETTY BROWN.

We have with us today this smiling young person who is favoring the interested public with a practical demonstration of how to put on the new wool puttees, especially recommended for women war workers as well as for soldiers. The new puttees are in

a piece of paper, and addressed the envelope.

"There you are, child—thank you for posting it."

It was dusk in the field by the old apple tree, but Katrina had forgotten all about time. She was thinking that the letter ought to reach Carter the next evening. Would he come? Perhaps he could not get away. Or he might not care to come. She thought of Mollie and Joe and her lip began to quiver. Wearily, she leaned her head against the tree and closed her eyes.

Unseen by her, a young officer hurried across the field towards the rustic seat. When he was quite near he called cheerfully: "Wake up and speak to me!" Katrina opened her eyes and for a moment gazed at him dazedly. Then, light dawned and she sprang to her feet.

"Why, Carter, she cried. "You got your commission! Oh, isn't it wonderful. But what made you come—tell me, quickly, please?"

"Well, you see, I just couldn't keep away. I've missed you so, and I've hated myself terribly, and then, yesterday I got my commission and I'll have to go away, and I had to see if you would go with me—I knew you would never send for me, so I came."

"But I did send for you—the letter went an hour ago. And I begged you to come—shamelessly, I did!"

His arms went about her.

"What made you do it, dearest?" he asked her.

"A ragged, dirty little girl. She made me feel so mean and lonely and miserable that there wasn't anything else for me to do!" Then, her voice changed, and she caught her breath

reality only long bands of wool webbing with a woolen tape sewed on one end to serve as fastening. The puttee is worn over the upper part of the shoe and is donned by holding one end of the band firmly pressed against the ankle, and then winding round, and round, and round while gently humming "All Bound Round with a Woolen String." The wool puttees are suited to the women who go abroad to drive autos in France and England or practice for that feat by learning auto mechanics in America.

in a sob. "Oh, Carter, I've missed you so dreadfully! There hasn't been a night when I have not cried myself to sleep and Aunt Alice thinks I am perfectly mad. I know. Please never leave me again—please!"

"I guess not! We'll be married the minute we get home!"

The next day Elfrida called to ask Katrina to come to Mollie's wedding.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I'm going home—to my own wedding," she told her. "How will I do for a husband?" asked Carter, with mock fear in his voice.

Elfrida looked him over appraisingly. "Well, I guess you're all right, but of course you ain't Joe!"

Katrina and Carter laughed happily.

"Here's a present for Mollie," proffered Katrina, slipping a bracelet from her arm. And I hope she'll be as happy as I am!"

"Oh, thank you!" beamed the child, and hurried off to find Mollie.

"Are you pining for the incomparable Joe?" asked Carter, a little later, "or can you forget him in time?"

"I wouldn't pine if you were the only man left in the world, provided you belonged to me!"

"And I'm so happy," he added, "that all the world seems to be singing your name."

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CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

Somewhere I saw the other day a very true statement above love or love affairs. It should apply to love on both sides of that dividing line, matrimony, which some authorities claim separates "love with a thrill" from love glowing still.

The statement was that the most important thing you need in a love affair is a sense of humor. Funny, isn't it, little book, how many snags in the life of love are protected against if we have a sense of humor!

Of course it is true that ability to laugh at ourselves will see us through many difficulties. But few women find in any phase of love a mirth-provoking joke. They take love so seriously. That is my failing but it is one I am being trained to overcome by the periodic changes in the temper of Dick's love for me.

Sometimes I am quite encouraged over my bump of humor. I was last night.

The stage had been set for the third act of the drama of marital better and worse—the climax of the happy ending. Sweet, forgiving wife in a clinging gown of white sits before the fireplace awaiting husband's return.

"Forgive me, dear, it was all my fault."

"Not at all, I was to blame. I love you."

A tangle of arms, a long embrace. Curtain.

That was the way—well, something like that—was how I pictured the scene of making up with Dick. How different it was actually!

There was I waiting by the fireside all dressed up, feeling so self-satisfied and patronizing. The table was set with my best china and linen, and I had ordered for dinner most of the good things that Dick loved.

The telephone rang. In his merriest voice Dick chirped, "Hello, Marge!" I glanced at that, he so seldom chopped my name in two—I've got myself caught up in a lot of horrible figures.

I thought I'd bring Mollie, the auditor, with me and we'd go over things. "Dinner, is it all right, dear?"

"You know it is, Dick," I said. "I'm

order dinner served at seven. Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver and turned away with the tears ready to overflow onto my pink powdered cheeks. Then I changed my mind and laughed.

"Poor silly female, I am," I said to myself. "Why should I fiddle my nerves over a thing that Dick forgets almost as soon as it happens?"

I removed some of the too festive traces of my party from the dinner table, hurried upstairs and changed my fluffy frock to a rather passe dinner gown. Then I sat down to read the evening paper in a casual, cool frame of mind.

When my spouse came to dinner, with his loquacious auditor in tow, I greeted him indifferently, with a matter-of-fact smack, as though nothing had happened.

A sense of humor is a good thing to keep on tap, little book.

EAST SIDE
NEWS

Birthday Party.

A very enjoyable event was the birthday party given for Dale Vance Tuesday evening at his home in State street. The event was arranged and carried out by his sister, Miss Opal Vance. Games and music were the amusements and delicious refreshments were served. Those in attendance were: Misses Opal Stoneking, Gladys Hudkins, Mildred Keener, Hazel Feather, Edith Louden, Opal Vance, Clara Bunting, Edna Watson, Winnie Reed, Mary Brown, Hazel Beeding, Cora Vance, Jessie Idleman, Messrs. Harry Smouse, Harry Wilson, Andra Vance, Herman Brannon, Harry Louden, Quincy Cleveland, H. Hull, O. W. Radford, David Donham, Mrs. A. T. Collins, Mrs. Emma Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Sheets, Miss Martha Frum, Miss Florence Ross and James Cain.

Will Do Red Cross Work.

The ladies of the Diamond Street M. E. church will meet next Wednesday, February 20, at the home of Mrs. Frisella Morrill at 306 Wilson street to do Red Cross work. All the ladies of the church are invited to come and bring their lunch and stay all day.

Here from Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Harris, of Murray, were here Wednesday guests of their son and daughter, Harley Harris, of Merchant street, and Mrs. R. E. Kerns in Diamond street.

Aid Society.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Diamond Street M. E. church will meet at the home of Mrs. Anna Powell in Wilson street next Thursday afternoon.

Personal.

Mrs. Hugh Ball, of Guffey street, has been indisposed the past few days. Mrs. F. H. Brummage and Mrs. Sweeney, of State street, were guests of their sister, Mrs. Jones, at Watson Thursday.

Lakin Frichard, of Pullman, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Jane Wiley, in State street.

Miss Margaret Adams, who has been very ill, was slightly improved yesterday.

MORE PEOPLE CONTRACT
PNEUMONIA IN FEBRUARY
THAN ANY OTHER MONTH

Says Public Health Commissioner of Norfolk, Va., in Warning Public Against Contracting Coughs and Deep Colds in Head and Chest.

SHOULD TAKE A GOOD TONIC TO PREVENT FATAL DISEASE

"More people contract pneumonia in February than in any other month," says the Public Health Commissioner of Norfolk, Va., in speaking of the alarming increase of pneumonia all through the country. It is the duty of every person, for their own health as well as that of others, that they take steps to prevent their contracting that fatal disease. It usually comes from neglected cough or deep cold in head or chest.

Any man woman or child, who may be suffering from a cold in head or chest, chronic cough, tonsillitis, grippe, etc., should immediately take steps to relieve their ailment. External applications such as salves, ointments, inhalant apparatus, etc., will not bring permanent relief. The seat of the trouble must be removed. This can only be accomplished internally. A good tonic of known value is the only sure safe means.

Hypo-Cod, the great health builder, is the tonic to take. That exceptional preparation gets right down to the seat of the trouble and uproots it in a quick and pleasant manner without the use of any disagreeable or discomforting salves, ointments, or inhalant apparatus. It will break the most obstinate cough, relieve the deepest cold in head or chest, clear the

Osgood's
for
Quality

Mrs. Albert Criss and daughter, Miss Gertrude, spent Wednesday at Benton's Ferry where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Linn.

F. H. Brummage, of Columbia street, went to Baltimore Thursday to attend the funeral of a friend.

Mrs. Samuel Hall, of Columbia street, has been quite sick since Wednesday.

Mrs. E. G. Wilson is ill at her home in Guffey street.

Mrs. Renza Morgan went to Fairview Wednesday. She was called there by the death of Ethel Bainbridge.

Mrs. Samuel Wallace, of Mill street, who was a patient at Cook's hospital, is now at her home and is improving rapidly.

Mrs. Sugh F. Smith is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Lough at Morgantown.

Miss Lulu Bishop, of Uffington, was the guest of friends here Wednesday.

Bailey Nuzum is ill at his home at 610 East Bridge street.

Mrs. Elmer Wilson, of Blaine street, who has been quite sick, is able to be up again.

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Osgood's
for
QualityA New Spring
Hat

Will go far towards dressing up the balance of your tiresome winter coat or suit.

A large number of handsome models were just unpacked.

You are bound to find one of these little beauties just suited to your style.

Some of these were just bought in New York, last week, by our Miss Kincaid who has returned from her Eastern buying trip.

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FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A handy Calceberb compound that safeguards against chronic lung and throat troubles. A gentle restorative prepared without harmful or habit-forming drugs. Try them today.

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Fairmont Printing & Publishing Company.

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Corns Loosen and Lift Out

No pain! Few drops loosen corns and calluses so they fall off—Try it! Magic!

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses or hot spots on feet shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is a scientific compound made from other. Get the genuine!

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